

FUN FOR THE FOURTH

SONNET TO JULY.

Hail, loud July, full organ of the year;
Big noise of all the months, within whose sway
Our brave forefathers on an earlier day
Twisted the lion's tail with right good cheer,
Month of the calorific atmosphere;
Thrice warmed, by powder, orators and sun,
Ice, vests and tempers quickly disappear
Ere half your superheated day is done.
Each noon beholds another century run
By the thermometer while deathless fame
Is ladeled out by panting fans, each one
Glued to a resined bleacher at the game.
Grim dog day month when man is over-dressed,
We welcome thee, but speed thee with more
zest.

VEST POCKET ESSAYS ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THE glorious Fourth is our national cataclysm. It is the nearest imitation to a South American insurrection, a French election or an Austrian parliament which exists in this country. It is more fatal than any of them, but is not as deleterious to health as deer hunting, toadstool eating or crossing Fifth avenue in automobilious weather.

The Fourth of July is the longest day in the year, astronomers to the contrary. It begins at 2 a. m. and lasts until midnight. It really begins a couple of days before in enthusiastic localities. It is also the only audible day in the calendar. You can see Christmas, you can taste Thanksgiving and you can feel St. Patrick's day under favorable circumstances. But the Fourth of July is audible every minute. It sounds like a political rally, a blasting party in the subway and an argument in a Goldfield saloon, all combined.

The Fourth of July was invented to celebrate the Declaration of Independence. It was first observed by the ringing of bells. After celebrating the first Fourth in this manner the American people went out and shot at the British for five years. When they returned, something more strenuous than bell ringing seemed necessary to interest them. At this crisis the Chinese firecracker, the most successful tabloid noise yet invented, was introduced and has given universal satisfaction ever since.

The glorious Fourth is strenuously opposed by several people in the United States on account of its unhealthiness and boisterousness and a strong effort is being made to denature it. Owing to the fact that the reformers are trying to make over the American Fourth, instead of the American boy, their efforts thus far have not been crowned with success.

JOHNNY'S PROGRAM.

A REASONABLY safe and sane Fourth of July has been planned by young Johnny Jones, who is trying to get the program approved by his dad and other dads. It is as follows:

- 2 a. m. Grand salute made by exploding nine oil tanks, two steam boilers and a powder mill.
- 4 a. m. Breakfast, with firecrackers in the coffee pot.
- 6 a. m. Exhibition by fire department.
- 7 a. m. Beautiful set piece, consisting of 100 cannon crackers under an automobile.
- 9 a. m. Exhibition run by fire engines. (Real barns burning).
- 10 a. m. Grand salute of exploding traction engines.
- 11 a. m. Declaration of Independence with cannon shots for periods.
- Noon. Three minutes for dinner.
- 2 p. m. Locomotive collision.
- 3 p. m. Exhibition run by fire department.
- 5 p. m. Explosion of gas works.
- 6 p. m. Four minutes for supper.

Fanning With "Billy" Sunday

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the best catcher in professional baseball today, I do not believe he was a better catcher than 'Mike' Kelly. And Kelly wasn't only a great catcher, but he could play anywhere. If needed he could go on any base and be perfectly at home, or he could make good in the outfield. And he was a cracking good base runner, too, even though he was heavy.

THEN there was our other catcher, Frank Flint. I shall never forget him. Grit? One never saw his equal. We didn't wear the big mitts in those days, and a catcher behind the bat, although he was getting just as swift balls as the catchers of today, had much less protection on his hands. I saw Flint get a hard one on his left hand, that split the poor fellow's fingers down a clean inch. Quick as a flash he reached for his shirt pocket, grabbed a rubber band, snapped it

BY GEO. FITCH

A RUBAIYAT OF THE FOURTH.

I.

Wake! for the son has smashed the silent night
With what sounds like a ton of dynamite
And even now is waiting patiently
For fragments of the henhouse to alight.

II.

Before the last bombarded rooster died
A childish treble from the doorway cried:
"Say, are you people goin' to sleep all day
With all the fire engines here outside?"

III.

Now a new Fourth reviving old desires,
Full many a man an old horse pistol fires,
And here and there somebody gets in range
And causes general gloom as he expires.

IV.

Hiram, indeed, is wounded on the nose
And where John's thumbs have wandered, no
one knows.
But still, full many a fool is left to scoff
And stir up giant crackers with his toes.

V.

Each Fourth more youthful patriots brings,
you say?
Yes, but where are the boys of yesterday?
And this same cannon owned by Tom
and Bill
Has blown Fred, Sam and Archibald away.

VI.

And this extinguished cracker which is seen
Lying inert upon the tender green—
Ah, tiptoe 'round it softly for who knows
Just what may come of nitro-glycerine?

VII.

For some we loved, the loveliest and best,
Have stroked a cracker in its grassy nest
And, when with water pails we've put
them out,
Have had to don a flour barrel vest.

VIII.

The ball no question makes of eyes and nose
But straight into the nearest neighbor goes,
And though the surgeon excavates for it
A funeral shows just how much he knows.

IX.

The index finger flits and having flit,
Not all the doctor's piety nor wit
Can lure it back upon that lonely joint,
Nor all his care another make to fit.

X.

Myself when young did eagerly invent
New ways to haste the rocket's swift ascent
And now and then in one devouring blaze
With its huge tail I was most sadly blent!

XI.

With them this seed of wisdom did I sow:
To pyrotechnics with great pleasure go
But let some other fellow be the goat
And watch him safely from the rearmost row.

XII.

A floating bobber underneath a bough;
A jug of bait, a box of lunch and thou,
My hopeful, shooting crackers miles away—
Ah, such a Fourth were paradise enow.

7 p. m. Exhibition run by fire department.

9 p. m. Exhibition by imported volcano.

11 p. m. Exhibition run by fire department.

FIRST AID TO THE ABOUT-TO-BE INJURED.

PROMPTNESS is the great requisite in Fourth of July accidents. Just before Willie burns himself with a cap pistol, prepare hastily a large bucket of cold water. In this bucket place all the caps you can find and soak them until the next day. This will allay their inflammation to a very marked degree.

A good woodshed is a fine preventive for fires. Prepare a roomy woodshed and place in it a flexible trunk strap. Just before Johnny explodes a cannon firecracker in the house, lead him into the woodshed and apply a thin layer of strap where it will do the most good. Johnny may then be allowed to go into the yard and cool off, but the cannon cracker should be confined in the shed until the next day, and then fed to a goat. This emergency treatment can also be used in place of operations for mangled fingers with marked success.

One of the most disagreeable accompaniments of the Fourth is being shot by a revolver in the hands of some grown up celebrator. Accidents of this kind require quick and vigorous treatment. Procure a medium-sized policeman of more than ordinary sense. Lead him to the celebrator just before the shooting begins and, with his aid, remove the re-

around his bleeding fingers, and gave a signal for another ball. Every finger on both of poor old Flint's hands had been broken at some time or another, and there was never a man who played baseball who had as many marks to show for the game."

MR. Sunday has in his possession a unique trophy of the league championship of 1885, won by the White Stockings from New York. It is in the shape of a solid silver ball, regulation size, with gold thread representing the stitching. The ball was presented to the Chicago club by Nat C. Goodwin, R. M. Hooley and Frank M. Sanger. The presentation speech was by Goodwin, at Hooley's theater. On a standard, on which the ball rests, is a gold plate, bearing the names of the individuals comprising the winning team. These names are as follows:

Of these eleven men six are living, Anson, Sunday, McCormick, Pfeffer, Gore and Dalrymple. Gore is in New York, McCormick is at Patterson, N. J.; Pfeffer is running a saloon in Chicago, and Dal-

rymple is a Northern Pacific conductor out of St. Paul. Of the five who have gone to their reward the end of the great Clarkson was the most tragic. He died in an insane asylum, his insanity having been brought on by the excessive use of cigarettes.

"IN the old days," said Sunday, "bunting wasn't known in the game, and I believe that one of the first balls that was ever bunted intentionally—although it wasn't called bunting, then—came from my bat.

"The first man I ever faced in professional baseball was 'Long Jim' Whitney, pitcher for the Bostonians. And I want to tell you he could sail them over some, and no mistake. I never saw the balls at all, they came so fast. I fanned out the first five times at bat.

"Now I knew how fast I could run better than any one else on either of the teams, and I made up my mind to touch the next ball some way and beat it to first. I got the kind of ball I wanted, stuck out my bat, and let the ball hit it. It rolled

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A DIARY OF THE FOURTH.

Such as Might Be Written if G. Washington Were to Return.

4 a. m. Was awakened early this morning by a terrific bombardment. Dressed in haste and pulled on my jack boots, thinking there were redecoats in the vicinity. Could find none. However, I came across a number of young men firing a number of cannon with great vigor, at nothing at all. When I remembered how we used to scrape up powder out of the grass when we dropped any, I could scarcely forbear to stop them.

9 a. m. I have just witnessed a young child blow up an old gentleman with a devilish red contrivance. What little demons these young patriots are. I suppose the victim was a Tory, but he hardly deserved the fate.

Noon. I have watched with a good deal of interest nine young men attempting to catch a pig smeared with lard. I could scarcely refrain from joining the hunt. That pig would have fed a whole company at Valley Forge for a meal or two.

2 p. m. I have listened to a great burst of eloquence from a man who, they say, aspires to congress. I would like to cast a vote for him. He favors spending \$100,000,000 to preserve the peace next year. When I remember how soon \$100,000 would have brought peace during our campaign and how I skinned for \$100 in order to make up a reasonable counterfeited of a pay day, the figures fill me with awe.

4 p. m. This is more than I can stand. For an hour I watched them piling wood under a balloon to inflate it. That much wood would have saved 1,000 cases of chilblains in my army during the winter of '77. Is ballooning worth it?

6 p. m. I can no longer endure the sight of this wicked waste. This afternoon I have seen four bright young men, any of whom could carry a musket and march with the best of my Continentals, blow themselves up, seemingly for mere amusement. Think of it! And all through the month of March in '77 we only had four recruits! I cannot endure this hideous waste when I remember our hideous want. Back to Mt. Vernon for me.

G. Washington.

PERSONAL Recollections of a Pa" will be omitted for this week, for the simple reason that a baby and the Fourth of July have no business together. They have very little in common and should not be missed. It is the duty of every parent to segregate their child until he reaches the age of six, and then start it out with a full complement of fingers and toes, to be laid on the altar of liberty in such a manner as may best suit their owner. "Personal Recollections" will be continued next week on the subject, "Advice and other Troubles," including, of course, outgrowing measles and unbalanced mumps.

"SIZZERS."

It's a wise father that knows his own child on the fifth of July.

The longest way around a big cannon cracker is the shortest way home.

The older we grow the less we know—about skyrockets.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "He used to have ten."

Eternal vigilance is the price of fingers and thumbs, as well as of liberty.